

# The CANADIAN FORUM

Thirty-Second Year of Issue    Founded 1920

April, 1952

## Measuring Living Costs    Foot-and-Mouth

A. Andras

► IF AN AGENCY can kick its collective self, then that is what the Dominion Bureau of Statistics has been doing this past number of years. Because, in a misguided, unstatistical moment, it dubbed its best known index the Cost-of-Living Index. Which it isn't, and which nobody believes it to be.

The Cost-of-Living Index measures the price changes at regular intervals of a fixed quantity of goods and services from a base period, 1935-1939. It is based on the average consumption of a group of "typical" urban wage-earner families of whom a spending record was kept way back in the Great Depression years of 1937 and 1938. Apart from relatively minor adjustments from time to time, the Index continues to represent a depression-time consumption pattern. Accordingly, a new index is under way, this time to be labelled Consumer Price Index.

To the statistician, of course, the old Index causes no confusion. Notwithstanding the name, he knows what it is, what it represents, what it is supposed to do. He is aware of its statistical shortcomings and makes allowances accordingly. But the layman takes it very literally indeed and, because he does, finds the Index an annoying, frustrating thing. It just doesn't measure up to his own experience. As for his wife! She just sneers.

Part of the trouble is the fact that the Index has been measuring a fixed basket of commodities (pretty well an obsolete one) while living standards have been changing considerably. The Index ignores such changes. Furthermore an average seldom fits an actual situation. The "typical" family of the index averaged 4.6 persons. The statistical likelihood of a real family of this size is, conservatively speaking, slight.

But apart from these distinctions, the Index is subject to some legitimate criticisms. For example, it does not include fresh fruits other than lemons, oranges, and bananas in the food sub-index, nor such vegetables as lettuce, tomatoes and celery. Nor does the clothing sub-index include children's clothes which, as a parent, it seems to me have gone up quite out of line with adult clothes prices. It is also a moot point whether the items of women's clothes included adequately measure price changes in women's clothes as a whole. Again, the rent index is not all it might

(Continued on Page 4)

The essential significance of the foot-and-mouth outbreak, from the standpoint of the Canadian livestock industry and the Canadian economy in general, lies in the fact that it has resulted in an immediate disruption and curtailment of market outlets. Most serious, of course, has been the elimination of the United States market for livestock and meat products. While the shipment of both cattle and processed meats to the United States has been definitely declining in recent months, exports were still considerable. Of perhaps even greater significance was the fact that large-scale exporting of dairy cattle and livestock for breeding purposes was still taking place. Since this outlet is now barred, reliance must now be placed entirely on the domestic market. It is to be expected that dairy cattle which can no longer be exported will now be kept in Canada and milked. The net result of this is likely to be a significant increase in the volume of milk production in the coming months. Since any sale of

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dairy stock, of dairy cows and breeding animals will be confined to Canada, it seems logical to expect a considerable drop in the market values for these purposes. In a number of cases it has been decided to either postpone or cancel completely bull sales in various parts of the country. The decision of the federal government to ban the importation of livestock and livestock products from the United States may very well go some distance in offsetting the loss of the American Market to Canadians. Recent weeks have witnessed considerable importations from south of the border. To the extent that the embargoes imposed by several of the provinces continue to exist and are actually enforced, a widespread disequilibrium of supplies and prices in the different sections of Canada is bound to occur. Provinces such as British Columbia and Nova Scotia must normally import a large percentage of their total meat requirements. On the other hand, a province like Alberta must normally export a very considerable fraction of its total production. If inter-provincial movements are seriously curtailed, it seems clear that wide variation in prices, supplies and consumption will exist as between provinces.

There are many other economic implications of the recently imposed embargoes. They may well affect auctioneers, packinghouse workers, drovers and truckers, as well as the livestock producers and the consuming public. The possibility of reduced livestock prices is already giving rise to farmer demands for floor prices for beef. It is particularly unfortunate that the outbreak should have occurred at a time when livestock prices were already showing definite declines. In view of changing livestock numbers in both Canada and the States, some degree of price decline was probably inevitable. In view of this, it becomes important to try and distinguish between price drops which are due to normal supply and demand changes, and those which may well result from the development of the foot and mouth outbreak itself. In any case, the drastic seriousness of the disease and the difficulty of eradicating it are certain to cause considerable loss both to individual producers and the general public. It is obviously in the general interest to minimize the possible losses by taking whatever measures are necessary to remove every vestige of the disease and every excuse for restricting market movements.

## Redistribution of Representation

One of the major questions before the present session of Parliament in Ottawa may be that of redistribution of federal electoral constituencies. Under the British North America Act the government must undertake this process after each census has been taken to ensure that representation in the House of Commons is maintained on a basis of population. Many of the present constituencies will undergo some alteration before the next federal elections to comply with the shifts of population shown by the census of 1951.

The three provinces which have grown in population since 1941 are Ontario, Quebec and British Columbia and these accordingly stand to gain additional representatives. The provinces which have lost in population shifts since 1941 are Nova Scotia, Manitoba and particularly Saskatchewan, which is due to have its representation reduced from twenty members to fifteen, if redistribution is conducted on the intended basis. This latter prospect has stirred unusual activity among the members of the present House and opposition has been announced to any readjustment of representation which would cause a reduction. The possibility of displacement holds no charms for any of the members and they are prepared to employ any means including amendment of the constitution to protect themselves.

As a consequence and particularly in the areas threatened with reduction of their representation, the public may now look forward to a spate of vaguely formulated notions of the pending danger to democracy, the federal political structure, and "the Canadian way of life". At the same time, it is unlikely that the public will have pointed out to it with equal fervour that the result of political practice in Canada has been to consolidate political power in the Cabinet; and this to a degree that probably is unequalled in any other federated state. Accompanying this situation, there is a convention stronger than any legislative enactment that the Canadian Cabinet should represent the principal races, religions and social interests of all ten provinces. This conscious strengthening of the executive is not likely to be relinquished by any Canadian political party in the foreseeable future. So that the prospective reduction in numbers of representatives from the less prosperous provinces of Canada is likely to affect only the future of the displaced politicians themselves. The energy that seems due to be expended in trumpeting the slogan "representation by population" might better be devoted to understanding and tapping the actual rather than the imagined sources of political power in our community.



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Publishers, Toronto

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Published each month by

CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED  
16 Huntley Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada  
Telephone: RA. 3116

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: FIVE DOLLARS A YEAR

Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto.

Advertising rates on request.

## Have We a National Education?

It would be unrealistic as well as ungrateful not to count our blessings, and one blessing of living in Canada is that we can always discuss the question: "Have we a Canadian culture?" If it is not clear to the reader why this is a blessing, we may point out that in a country with a strong national feeling and a relatively small population, what culture there is can get a certain amount of ready-made publicity. Many creative people in Canada, painters especially, get what is in proportion to their abilities an unusually high degree of recognition. The same conditions make possible a certain amount of cultural leadership through a large number of national institutions, including the CBC. A country in which a housewife with a radio can lighten her washday by listening to Mozart is by no means a total cultural loss. In other words, there are opportunities in Canada for observing and learning something about the social relevance of culture.

At present there is a good deal of discussion going on about the role of the "humanities" in university education, and of the educational theories which underlie or conflict with them. The Massey Report was both a cause and an effect of such discussion; it has been followed by a number of conferences, reports, newspaper editorials, and public speeches. The encouraging thing about such discussion is that it shows a wide public interest in the question of the social relevance of education, and the responsibilities incurred by education, which parallels and complements our perennial neurosis about our culture.

What has happened in education is approximately this: the answer to the question: "What is a practical education practical for?" has changed. Formerly the answer was: "To make money, and to become well adjusted to the more prosperous levels of a middle-class society." The answer now is: "To help to wage war, cold or hot, with Soviet Russia." Now as the strength of the Communist world is in its ideology, the question of democratic ideology becomes a question of immediate political importance. Hence the revival of interest in the humanities, the subjects concerned with the cultural inheritance of the past, is part of a general tendency on the part of the democratic world to look for moral balance. We cannot find out what to do unless we have some idea of what we are and what we have done. In the United States there is a strong reaction against what is called (rather unfairly) "Deweyism," because education through vocation and through integration with a prefabricated social context has now become, in the present situation, an amateurish and bungling totalitarianism. In Canada, similarly, there is a strong reaction against being made the junkpile for discarded American experiments.

## Government Annuities

Even since the minister of labor introduced an amendment to the Annuities Act in the special session of parliament last fall, the newspapers have been spotted with the protests of insurance companies, who accuse the federal government of interfering with their great mission of preventing inflation by encouraging thrift. What they really fear is that the new proposals will make government annuities an even more attractive investment for the man of modest income. Sales of the type of annuities at present available have been growing rapidly in the past five years, especially in the lucrative field of group pension plans. About 130,000 workers are now covered by pension plans issued under the Annuities Act.

Actually, the main purpose of the amendments is to make it possible for an annuitant, either with an individual con-

tract or as a member of a group pension plan to dovetail his annuity with his \$40 a month old age pension, so that he may have a steady income from age 65 onward, instead of one which is relatively low from age 65 to 69, and takes a sudden jump at the age of 70. The federal government also proposes to raise the maximum annuity from \$1,200 to \$2,400, in line with the price increases since the mid-1930's when the present maximum was set. In addition, the new type of annuities are to have a cash surrender value—an entirely new departure. With the bill now passed second reading, and referred to the standing parliamentary committee on industrial relations, the insurance companies will undoubtedly bring enormous pressure to bear to prevent its passing in its present form. At the very least, they want the annuity maximum reduced, and the new cash surrender provision eliminated.

## What's Left IV

*"They use the snaffle and the curb all right;  
But where's the bloody horse?" (Roy Campbell)*

*"We are all gentlemen now." (Carlyle King)*

► WHAT'S LEFT? There is no Left any more. All we have now is a Left-of-Centre where a group of socialist parties huddle to keep their metaphysics warm, and beyond that, stretching to the horizon, an abandoned territory where no socialist birds sing. From parties of the Left we ought to expect fresh, bold, revolutionary ideas—which challenge orthodox or generally received opinion—ideas which disturb those who are at ease in Zion—ideas which alarm both the bureaucrats and the professors. It is the historic business of the Left to startle, shock, and arouse. Who nowadays is either much disturbed or much aroused by the socialist program, and where can you find a socialist party that has had a fresh idea in the last ten years?

Take the main political problem of our time: how to keep the world from being blown to hell. On this, if on anything, one might expect socialists to have something challenging and radical to say. But how much is there to distinguish socialist views on this matter from those of liberals and progressives in non-socialist parties? Look at the COMISCO declaration of the principles of international democratic socialism or at the British Labor Party's "Fifty Facts on Foreign Policy." What do you find? After you get past the platitudes you find (1) opposition to communism, (2) support of the United Nations and its agencies, (3) advocacy of economic aid to under-privileged peoples. Well, even Anthony Eden, Dean Acheson, and Lester Pearson would not have too much trouble going along with that! That's the theoretical position. In practice socialists come perilously close to a defensive "We hate the communists as much as you do" coupled with an apologetic "We'd like to help the economically helpless if we didn't have to spend so much on armaments." That program certainly will not arouse the man on the tractor or the man on the conveyor belt; he can get his communist-hating done more enthusiastically in other places.

The trouble is that socialist parties have gone a-whoring after the Bitch Goddess. They have wanted Success, Victory, Power, forgetting that the main business of socialist parties is not to form governments but to change minds. When people begin to concentrate on success at the polls, they become careful and cautious; and when they become careful and cautious, the virtue goes out of them. Socialists sometimes complain that their opponents have stolen their ideas

and outbid them with the electorate. Fine! When are we going to get some more ideas that our opponents can steal? Ever hear about the man who gained his life by losing it?

Because we have failed to generate challenging and disturbing ideas, nobody nowadays takes us very seriously. We are not a threat to anybody — well, not much. Once, when we were thought to be dangerous, we were denounced, ostracized, vilified, and fired from our jobs. Now we are invited to sit at the head table of Legion banquets, to address Canadian Clubs, to join royal commissions and to do jobs for the U.N. We are all gentlemen now and fight capitalism as gently as any sucking dove. Several years ago a young man who had been one of Gandhi's secretaries said to me: "Do you know what's the matter with your CCF party? Not enough of your leaders have been in jail." He was not counselling voluntary martyrdom; he was just referring to the occupational risk of radicals. I can myself remember the fishy eye, the purple face, the cold shoulder. It was uncomfortable all right, but it was better that way.

CARLYLE KING.

## Twenty-five Years Ago

VOL. 7, NO. 79, APRIL, 1927, *The Canadian Forum*.

One of the disadvantages of a Federal system of government, such as we have in Canada, is that such decentralization of authority increases the difficulties in the way of obtaining good social legislation. According to recent interpretations of the British North America Act, the regulation of conditions of labour is almost exclusively under the jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislatures and there is some danger that this may delay any general acceptance of more enlightened and humane measures. For instance, it is conceivable that the province of Ontario might at some future date favour the adoption of the eight-hour-day, a minimum wage for all classes of labour, and might eventually even be prepared to accept all the Labour Conventions of the League of Nations. But, unless the legislature of Quebec were disposed to see these questions in the same light, the manufacturers and other employers in Ontario would be able to put forward a very strong argument against any such changes. There is, even now, a certain amount of industrial rivalry between the two provinces, and in Ontario it is generally believed that a considerable number of industries have located in Quebec because labour conditions there are more favourable than in Ontario. Possibly a solution may be found in the inauguration of regular provincial conferences where social problems would be discussed and some agreement arrived at for complementary legislation in all the provinces of the Dominion.

### MEASURING LIVING COSTS—Continued

be due to rent controls for several years; home owners' costs were supposed to have followed the rental trend, but rents were pretty well fixed for a time. Up to 1942, DBS did not have its own agents in the field; it had to rely on merchants. Up to 1947, rent data came from real estate agents. A merchant, even with the best intentions, might have been loath to report quality deterioration which meant in turn a hidden price increase. The same applied to "key money." Then again, restaurant meals are omitted, an important factor in the larger cities. Up to recently, bargain sales were non-existent, hence a further hidden increase in a good many staples which cannot have been measured because it is unmeasurable. Or take the question raised by Mr. G. P. Mohindra of the Indian National Trade Union

Congress at an ILO seminar on labor statistics: "How is the price level to be computed when there are both black-market and official prices under conditions of rationing and price control?" Not relevant now, but it might have been eight years ago and may become so again.

Then there is the whole question of "weights": is the proportion allocated to food, clothing, fuel, and light, etc., a true reflection of spending habits? In the present Index, food has a weight of 31, i.e., 31 per cent of expenditures in the fixed basket are devoted to foodstuffs. For low-income groups the proportion is very likely substantially higher. Since food prices are much more unstable than, say, the price of electricity, quite clearly an under-emphasis of one and an over-emphasis of the other in terms of weights can have a significant effect on an index's ability to make accurate measurements of price changes.

The new Consumer Price Index is presumably intended to meet some of these criticisms at least. At any rate, it will be based on more recent data and should have the advantage of the refinements in statistical method that the past twelve years have produced. DBS statisticians and the Price Section are clearly determined to do a better job, based on more thorough processing of data. This probably accounts for the postponement of the CPI's introduction. It was originally expected to appear about the beginning of this year; it is now likely to appear about mid-year.

The change from one index to another is much more than a matter of casual interest to at least one section of the population. Organized labor has a very real stake in the present index. Through escalator clauses, the wages of tens of thousands of workers have risen with every increase in the Cost-of-Living Index. The Index has thus become a shelter of a sort against the inflationary storm of the past five years. The question uppermost in union leaders' minds is how the CPI will compare with the present Index, and there is the not unnatural reaction "better the devil we know . . ."

Some of the questions unions were waiting to see answered were: What are the weights going to be, especially on food and rent which make up one-half of the present Index? Will additional foods be included? Clothing? Will the shelter sub-index be adjusted properly for home-maintenance costs as well as rentals? Will the base year be a reasonable one to measure from? And so on.

This much is known. CPI will be based on data derived from a survey of urban (but not necessarily wage-earner) family living expenditures made in 1947, 1948, and 1949. These were years of rather marked price increases, and objection may be raised on that score. Objection may also be based on the fact that these were years when consumers were still filling a backlog of demand for durable consumer goods—electric refrigerators, washing machines, cars, etc.—and this may reflect itself in an unduly high household goods sub-index and a disproportionate weight for food and other more constantly bought items. On the other hand, if the *Economist* is right in its speculation that this century will be marked by a long-term trend of price increases, 1947-48-49 may turn out to be normal years.

A recent DBS bulletin gives a preliminary answer at least to some of the questions raised above. The new CPI weights are now known and can be compared to those of the old index: Food will be 32 as against 31 at present; clothing will be 11 as against 12. But Shelter has been reduced to 15 from 19 and the new Household Operation sub-index will be set at 17, where the old sub-indices of Fuel and Light and Homefurnishings and Services together add up to 15. The new Other Commodities and Services will be 25,



against 23 for the old Miscellaneous. The new index will be calculated from prices of about 225 items as against the present 160. Fresh foods and vegetables are being added; also children's wear. The Shelter sub-index will bear watching, since in addition to rentals, principal home ownership costs will be priced only "if certain technical difficulties can be overcome." In other words, the new Shelter sub-index may measure price changes in the cost of shelter just as inadequately as its predecessor. There have been other additions, particularly in transportation and recreation, but life insurance premiums are being dropped. The base year will be 1949 (1949 = 100).

Actually, organized labor's attitude is a two-fold one. There is concern with the structure of any index under whatever name which is going to make a difference in wages, even where no escalator clause is present in an agreement. There is also the feeling that a fixed basket based on a survey of actual expenditures is not good enough, since what families spend is not necessarily what they should be spending.

What labor would like to see is a basket, necessarily a fixed one but subject to periodic review, consisting of the goods and services which would provide a reasonably decent standard of living for an urban wage-earner family; that is, a standard above the subsistence level, with the optimum quantity of necessities and an allowance for luxuries consistent with our present capacity to produce and consume. The reason for this is quite clear. The construction of such a basket and its recognition by government and others would mark an important change in social philosophy. It would at the very least imply that the reasonableness of any worker's expectation that he and his family should enjoy

an income at least big enough to buy the basket's contents. Since standards of living change with increases in productivity and improvements in technology, the basket should be overhauled and improved every few years. For example, such a basket made up in 1952 might very well have to make room for a television set as a matter of course by 1955. However, the last thing Canadian labor wants is a tight relationship between wages and an index. Labor is committed to Gompers' famous "more, more, always more," not to any formula which would amount to a frozen real-wage level.

For the present, the practical concern of labor and the public generally is to have an index that measures price changes as accurately as possible, if such changes are going to be measured at all. When the new Consumer Price Index comes out it is bound to be subjected to the most careful scrutiny by all concerned. That is as it should be. If inflation is to be our lot, we have at least the right to know how hard it is hitting us. If controls are to be introduced, a good index will tell us how effectively they are being enforced. One way or another, a good index makes for more effective public scrutiny of government policy. In a democracy, that's a good thing.

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EARLY THAW (Scratchboard)—VIRGINIA LUZ

## Letter From London

Stella Harrison

► THE CROCUSES ARE OUT again. Sunshine alternating with rain draws heady perfume from hyacinths deeper blue and ruddier pink after a mild winter than I can ever remember them in harder seasons. There is more than promise in the spring of the year, there is a clear sky for hours each day and a balmy breeze blowing here and now.

In contrast, the political weather forecast is cloudy and dull, with dark patches. Budget day has been brought forward and put back as in some sinister game of snakes and ladders. The ladder, it will be recalled, was adopted as the Tory election symbol a few short months ago to suggest a system calculated to encourage not, as some might think, prices to climb but people to mount. The snake has a far older symbolic connotation. Any resemblance between this and the Ministry of Education should, however, be regarded, in the phrase of publishers scared of possible libel actions, as purely coincidental.

The cruel injustice of partisan assertions that the welfare-loving Tories had asked local education authorities to decrease their expenditure is revealed by no less a person than the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry. He says it just isn't true, it is not a question of cuts at all. The local authorities have simply been asked to knock off estimated increases over last year, without touching the "essential fabric" of education. Nor is the suggested reduction (which according to the Parliamentary Secretary is not a reduction) in contemplated expenditure meant to be uniform. Certainly not. It is hoped that some authorities may be able to reduce by more than five per cent. Presumably that will be in localities where the cost of everything used in education, from paper to pipettes, from dusters for classroom blackboards to disinfectant for cloakroom drains, has gone down in price and not up. I cannot imagine that will be the case in London, where I have just paid 10½d. for a tablet of soap that last month cost 8½d.—a rise of a shade over 23 per cent.

Still, there is no call for pessimism. You can still teach the three R's to the steadily growing school population even if you only spend the same amount which buys much less than it did. And nobody but a spendthrift would want money to be spent on needless frills like subsidized school dinners or school buses in rural areas when they could have a nice new atom bomb or an additional American airfield in England for the same money. The Tories, as everyone knows, were long ago converted to the equalitarian principle—a praiseworthy manifestation of liberalism, by the way, postulating the equal right of access to education, not some utopian theory of equal opportunity to benefit from it.

So long as some sort of place in some sort of school is provided for every child, one can safely leave the bright ones to work their way to the top, and the more obstacles they have to overcome on the way, the better they will be fitted for the keen competitive business of climbing that Tory ladder of life. Make things too easy for them, and when they are grown up they will fritter away their lives planning how to make things easier still for their children instead of inventing sound profit-making gadgets. (It is too bad the Atomic Energy Commission in Washington has turned down an idea for producing radio-active golf balls that could be traced with a Geiger counter. It is hard to believe that such a practical application of precious material should have been rejected out of hand—unless, of course, there is such a thing as a golf-ball-manufacturers' lobby.)

Lest you should be misled into thinking that education is the only field of social welfare in which report has done less than justice to Government intentions, some reference ought in all fairness to be made to housing. One of the first acts of the Tory government was to raise the bank rate. They were careful to explain that it was done deliberately to discourage people from getting finance for things the country could not afford and thus adding to the economic burden all round. Yet there was a positive outcry from some of those folk who seem always to be looking for the worst in Tory motives. They said it was an anti-working-class measure. They alleged that municipalities which had to borrow at higher rates would have to charge bigger rents for the sort of little houses they build and that the tenants would be the ones to have the economic burden increased while for the professional money-lenders it would be lightened.

It just shows the way their minds work, for the whole stupid misunderstanding has been cleared up now. The augmented interest rates are to be compensated by a further subsidy from the national exchequer. By this simple device, the tax-payer is taxed to furnish the State with funds to subsidise the municipality to allow that body to pay more interest to the financiers. That is adding to the economic burden all round? On no, not all round. All except the financiers. So in fact the tax-payers are subsidizing the money-lenders? Well, that is hardly a fitting way to talk about such an enterprising section of the community. After all, they give employment to lots of boys from good families as clerks entering up stock exchange transactions, who, but for serious private enterprise, might be frivolously engaged on the railways, in the mines or in some other under-manned industry.

I should be the first to admit that the above may all be hopelessly out-of-date by the time it is printed—that is one of the occupational risks of writing four days ahead of budget date. The Chancellor may announce a lower bank rate, a restitution of education cuts, an increase in food subsidies and a detailed program for bringing down the cost of living. He may have decided that since, on the Prime Minister's admission, we can't raise the cash to buy all the guns to provide safety, we may as well cut out a few extra and satisfy the far less expensive hankering after sufficient butter. On the other hand, he may—and this on the whole seems more likely—prefer to hold the balance fairly as between guns and butter and, rather than show an irrational inclination toward one or the other, arrange that we have enough of neither.

London, England, March 7, 1952.

## THE DWARF

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## Power Politics in the Ontario C.C.F.

Frank H. Underbill

► ON FEBRUARY 27 LAST the annual meeting of the Ontario Woodsworth Memorial Foundation was the scene of a determined drive by the provincial CCF officialdom to oust the old directors of the Woodsworth Foundation in Toronto and to bring it under the control of the small group who run the CCF party in Ontario. The Ontario Woodsworth Memorial Foundation was established in 1944 by a group of CCF individuals who aimed to set up a centre in Toronto for educational and social activities which would attract all those who shared the ideals of J. S. Woodsworth. The group raised enough money to buy a house and property on Jarvis Street, and have since then managed to finance their enterprise by hard work and by generous assistance from a considerable number of sympathizers, most of whom were naturally CCFers. They rented the second storey of the house as offices for the provincial headquarters of the CCF. This landlord-tenant relationship led to a good deal of regrettable friction. Bad feeling was increased by the freedom of discussion which Woodsworth House encouraged on socialist doctrines in general and on CCF policies in particular.

The result was the drive on February 27 to purge the Foundation and bring it effectively under official control. The drive was carried out under the direction of David Lewis, the national vice-president of the CCF, with an unscrupulous thoroughness that the Communists themselves could hardly have bettered. In the weeks immediately preceding the annual meeting a flood of subscriptions from new members, many of them holding some official position in the trade unions, poured into the Foundation. This voting power was used at the meeting to oust most of the old directors who were up for re-election and to substitute a slate headed by Mr. Lewis himself. Proceedings, which were long and disorderly, were delayed by wordy disputes about amendments to motions and rules of order, and every effort was made to bring on the voting for the new board of directors before the old directors had been given a chance to make their reports about the past year. In the end, though the voting power of the Lewis forces was marshalled in admirable discipline, the purge was not entirely successful.

In recent years the leaders of the CCF in Ontario have shown little interest in socialist education. The old directors of the Woodsworth Foundation had believed, anyway, that it is healthy in a democratic socialist movement for some of the educational activities to be carried on by people who, while dedicated to the idea of socialism, don't earn their living by professional party work. One of the things that has kept the Labor party alive in Britain has been the large volume of educational work done for it by voluntary groups who are not under its control, the Fabian Society being the most important and best known example. It is groups of this kind who help to keep socialist doctrine liberal rather than authoritarian, and the socialist approach to new problems experimental rather than dogmatic. Naturally they are apt to irritate the officials who administer party affairs. In fact the irritation is mutual. People who sit in offices giving directives to subordinates always lack confidence in the other kind of people who derive stimulation and amusement from letting their minds play with ideas and from asking inconvenient questions. But the successful political party needs both kinds of people. In fact it needs all kinds of people. One of the unsolved problems of modern democ-

racy is that of getting political parties in which all kinds of people will be interested enough to participate actively. The danger of the bureaucrat is that he too easily flatters himself into believing that the only desirable participation by the rank and file of the party membership is the docile acceptance of his superior directives.

Of course the official group who organized the purge in the Woodsworth Foundation at Toronto will publicly and piously deny that they were engaged in any such work. In private they will probably tell you that the group who were running the Woodsworth Foundation had become purely negative critics and trouble-makers whose loyalty to the movement was doubtful and who simply had to be rooted out for the good of the movement as a whole. But even if their public professions are taken at their face value, the methods they used to attain their ends throw an unpleasantly revealing light upon the nature of the ends themselves. The drive for absolute power over the Woodsworth Foundation was only too evident. The kind of means which men adopt always sooner or later affects the quality of the ends for which the means are adopted.

The CCF in Ontario, to judge from the results of the last two general elections, one federal and one provincial, is in danger of sinking into an obscure little sect. It doesn't frighten the politicians of the old parties any more, and their propagandists hardly worry any longer to devise new smear tactics against it. It has never succeeded in winning any block of Ontario seats in the federal parliament and it has now lost most of the seats it once held in the provincial legislature. Why this weakness in Ontario? If socialism cannot win and hold any significant mass following in the chief province of Canada, the province with the most numerous big urban centres and the largest industrial population, the province with the richest and most diversified agriculture, the province which is the headquarters for English-speaking Canada of the chief protestant churches, and the province with the greatest concentration of educational institutions—if socialism can make little headway in this community, it has no future as a national Canadian movement.

In fact the weakness of the CCF in Ontario looms up as a threatening omen for the future of the CCF in Canada as a whole. Canadian CCFers have always buoyed up their spirits by referring to the progress of Labor in Great Britain. Because the Labor party after being launched in 1900 had by 1924 supplied a government to the country and in the next two decades entrenched itself as the largest British political party, we assure ourselves with a mystic fatalism that the same destiny must by an inevitable process be in store for us here in Canada. But Canadian politics has a way of repeating American patterns rather than British. And we should remind ourselves of the fate of the American Socialist party. It was founded at almost the same time as the British Labor party, but it had already before 1914 under Debs won the largest percentage of the popular vote that it has ever succeeded in winning in an American presidential election. Since then it has steadily declined, as in incessant factional fights it has cast off one set of deviationists after another. In its early days it was stronger in its popular appeal in the Middle West than it was in the eastern states, just as our CCF has been strongest in Saskatchewan, because in the upper Mississippi valley it built on the Populist tradition just as the CCF on the Canadian prairie built on the Progressivism of the 1920's. And its successful western members never acquiesced very willingly in the supposed ideological superiority of the eastern New York sophisticates.\* Today it is only a ghost. The pro-

\*See an interesting article by David Shannon on "The Socialist Party before the First World War," in the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review* for September, 1951.

gressive, humanitarian, radical individuals and groups who were once socialist (including some prominent CIO trade-union leaders) now support the New Deal through the Liberal party, or the ADA, or the Democratic party; and they vote for the Democratic presidential candidate, because they want to get something done in their own lifetime beyond enjoying the pleasure of contemplating their own ideological purity. The evolution of the American Socialist party is an omen that should frighten CCFers in Canada.

Why has the CCF failed so far in Ontario? There are no doubt many reasons, but one of the chief reasons has been bad leadership. The party machinery has fallen into the hands of a small clique who perpetuate themselves in party office regardless of the ups and downs in electoral results in the province. They have become adepts in the art of managing party conventions and in using democratic forms to centralize power in their own control. They have almost abandoned the work of political education amongst the party membership, a work which is essential in any left party—though perhaps there have been a few recent signs of life in this field. They have failed to devise effective means for carrying the socialist gospel to the unconverted majority of the province. This is, in fact, their great failure. The CCF in Ontario has ceased for all practical purposes to be a missionary party concentrating on winning more and more converts, and it is slowly sinking into a sect whose leaders seem mainly interested in maintaining at all costs their own authority within the sect.

Political parties, like all other human organizations, including churches and trade unions, are always in danger of falling under the control of bureaucracies of this kind. When the first moral fervor which has launched a new movement begins to cool, the bureaucrat and the organizer emerge and take over the management of affairs. Bureaucrats are very necessary functionaries in any association of men and women aiming at practical achievements. But they are dangerous if there is not sufficient vitality in the rank-and-file membership to check their inherent drive for self-aggrandizement. They soon come to identify the good of the movement with their own personal power and prestige. And if it is a movement like the CCF with an original fund of high moral idealism, they may easily develop into a kind of political priesthood. As they tirelessly shepherd the political sheep under their care, their early idealism begins to degenerate into a certain sour self-righteousness. They resent criticism from below, they are quick to stamp out independence in their followers (which they regard as heresy), they begin to feel a peculiarly holy pleasure in punishing erring brethren. As their appetite for power grows, they become the more insistent on monopolizing authority within the sect just because they have failed to broaden the sect into a great national church. Worst of all, since power always tends to corrupt, their inner conviction of the righteous character of their ends gradually makes them more and more careless about the nature of the means they adopt. The reformer in religion or in politics always has a certain amount of fanaticism in his make-up; and the end-result of pure fanaticism is likely to consist in redoubling your effort when you have forgotten your aim.

This subtle corruption is one which peculiarly affects the leaders of reform movements. The political priests who run the old parties are a cheerful, cynical lot, who are usually rather pleasant fellows to meet. They know that they are running a racket, and they wink when they meet each other. These worldlings didn't start with ideals, and they have no ideals to lose. It is the unworried reformers, the children of light, who are especially liable to the kind of corruption I am talking about, the corruption which overtakes

idealists who have concentrated too much on power. *Corruptio optimi pessima.*

Another force which affects the leadership of the CCF in Ontario is the affiliation of the big CCL trade unions. Having failed in their effort to win the masses of Ontario directly to the socialist faith, they now dream of a mass support to be mobilized behind them through the organized trade unions. At present the party is too much under the influence of the United Steelworkers and its close allies in the CCL. That a socialist party should try to attract trade-union support, on the model of the Labor party in Britain, is perfectly proper. And the pundits in our respectable dailies and weeklies who view with alarm the spectacle of trade unions going into politics—as if manufacturers and bankers and railway companies had not been in politics for years—only make themselves look ridiculous. But it must frankly be said that the big new industrial unions in the CCL have come up a little too easily for their own long-run good. After the first knocks and blows in the 1930's, their rapid success in an economy of full employment has gone a bit to their heads, and they show some signs of being intoxicated by power. It has been so easy to line up their followers for the economic purposes of higher wages, that it has been assumed that they could be lined up for political voting with the same mechanical ease. And the vision of what can be accomplished by a combination of economic and political power has been a little too attractive in the headquarters of the Steelworkers. Power tends to corrupt in trade unions as well as elsewhere.

To quote the now famous editorial about the retirement of Pat Conroy, in the February number of the *Canadian Railway Employees Monthly*: "Big-hearted and high-principled, he (Conroy) quit because an unashamed drive for power, conceived in cunning and carried forward with craft, was aimed at changing the Congress from a vehicle for the many to a juggernaut for one. Conroy hoped his action would arouse the membership to the danger they faced, the danger the Congress faced."

Well, the purge in the Woodsworth Foundation was not entirely successful. But doubtless the provincial CCF officialdom will not rest till they have rooted out all heresy and established themselves as the unquestioned expositors of the party line. They are nobly determined to become bigger and bigger frogs in the provincial CCF puddle. The only trouble is that under their leadership the puddle is likely to become smaller and smaller. And it may dry up altogether.

## Gubernatorial Grief

Harry W. Walker

► MISGUIDED ADVICE both inside and outside Prime Minister St. Laurent's Cabinet seems to have pushed the Canadian Government into the appointment of a native son as governor-general—a dangerous precedent that will likely turn out to be an inflexible rule.

Those who demanded a Canadian as governor-general were no doubt sincere in believing that Canada is now independent and mature enough to be able to choose her own formal chief executive. Unfortunately, it appears that many of these well-meaning Canadians have confused the duties and office of the high commissioner with that of the governor-general. The governor-general has not represented the government of the United Kingdom since the Statute of Westminster, 1931, and effectively long before that time.



"Nationalist" sentiment in Canada seems to ignore the fact that Great Britain has a high commissioner (equivalent to an ambassador) to Canada who long ago took over the governor's ancient function of representing the British government.

The reason a Canadian must continue to be undesirable for the job of representing the Crown in Canada is closely linked to the old maxim, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." But it goes deeper than that. The governor-general must be completely impartial (as must Royalty in Britain) and must not have had his name linked in any way with Canadian politics. Why? Because all those Canadians who remembered the Canadian governor-general's past political record would not be able to believe in his lack of bias. Even if the governor-general has had no previous political party allegiance or had never engaged in party politics, there would still be a tendency for some to suspect that as a Canadian he must have favored one party or another in his past. There would also be a proneness to suspect that he was a party appointment. And who is to say that the Government itself will be unable to resist pressures to make partisan selections? The experience with appointments to the Senate made by both major political parties when in power assuredly cannot be used as an argument to show how non-partisan the Government can be in making appointments!

It appears, then, that no matter what his past record may have been, a Canadian selection will always be held suspect by many Canadians. Such suspicion cannot result in the prestige and dignity that the office of chief executive requires, especially in times of political strife when the governor-general may be called upon to intervene "in the

national interest" as opposed to purely partisan considerations. (There is still an ill-defined and debatable constitutional area of discretionary power within which the governor-general may be called upon to act as a mediator between political parties and as guardian of the Canadian constitution). In order to be completely free of any charge of bias, the formal chief executive must be a man (or, why not a woman?) from outside Canada: from the United Kingdom, or from some other member country in the Commonwealth of Nations. Even then, he must not be known to Canadians as having been an active politician in his native country.

It would be a serious error, however, to refuse to consider for the governor-generalship a person who had been moderately engaged in party politics abroad. Some political experience is desirable, especially of parliamentary constitutional practice, because the governor-general may, on rare occasions, be called upon to make delicate political decisions. This is actually another argument against a Canadian as chief of state, for, in order to have the requisite knowledge of governmental affairs, the governor-general should have had some parliamentary experience. A Canadian with a modicum of parliamentary training would more than likely have had political party affiliation. So might a non-Canadian have had political party associations, but except for some of the party leaders, most Canadians know nothing about partisan politics in other parts of the Commonwealth. This applies especially to such Commonwealth states as Australia, New Zealand, Ceylon, and Pakistan. The fact that all member-units of the Commonwealth operate on the cabinet-responsible-to-Parliament basis means that suitable governors-general could probably be found from each sister Commonwealth country. Perhaps a method of rotation of



governors-general from each of the Commonwealth members could be worked out in order to foster intra-Commonwealth understanding and goodwill! In the past, Canada has often been first in establishing the precedents that changed the British Empire into the British Commonwealth. Here is an opportunity to continue the tradition.

In addition to his political functions, one of the most important jobs of present-day governors-general is to interpret Canada to Canadians. This can most appropriately be done by a stranger. Some day in the future this may not be so, but as yet Canadians take a greater pride in their own national traditions when they see and read about a new governor-general learning first-hand about our folkways. It is much more satisfying to watch a non-Canadian adult learning to ski, skate, and toboggan because we expect most Canadian adults to have at least an elementary knowledge of our folkways. (Incidentally, the ideal governor-general to Canada should be a lover of the outdoors, and at the same time be able to express himself well, orally and on paper).

There are other and more serious disadvantages that would probably result if the Government continues to abide the precedent already set of choosing a Canadian to be governor-general. An English-speaking person having been chosen as the first native-born chief executive, it will no doubt be necessary to appoint a French-speaking Canadian as the next occupant of Rideau Hall. On the succeeding occasions, a Canadian of Irish descent will have to be appointed because earlier governors-general were of Scottish (or English, or Welsh) descent! Then each province or region would put in its bid for the post—and so on. Unlike seats in the Senate or membership in the Federal Cabinet, the governor-generalship does not lend itself well to the necessity of satisfying regional, provincial, religious, racial, and other groups in order to please all sectors of the nation. Only one person at a time can be a governor-general! It does not require any special sense of clairvoyance to predict the squabbling, bickering, jealousy, and bitterness that can result if the field of choice is limited to native sons.

Even a superficial examination shows that there are many dangers which seem to have been overlooked by advocates of a Canadian-born governor-general. The value, dignity, prestige, and usefulness of the governor-generalship are bound to be seriously impaired if that office becomes merely the biggest political patronage plum.

## A New Socialist Perspective

Patricia Van der Esch

► NEXT JUNE THE FOUR-YEAR period of the present Dutch parliament will expire and Holland will go to the polls to elect new representatives. The parties have started manoeuvring for position both inside and outside parliament. The election campaign, marked by the customary quiet and reasonable manner in which the Dutch take part in politics, is slowly getting started.

The opening shot was fired by the Labour Party when it published the results of a two years' study by a Planning Committee presided over by H. Vos, an exponent of the left wing of the party. The study is called *The Road to Freedom: A Socialist Perspective*. It contains a complete restatement of practical socialism. A frank analysis of nearly every political problem of today goes hand in hand with a positive plan of action. It is characteristic of the courage and idealism

of the Dutch Labour Party that it ventured to commit itself in so definite and detailed a manner, rather than preparing a necessarily vague election program.

The introduction to the Plan gives due weight to the characteristics of Dutch socialism as it developed since world war II. A strong dose of personalism was then injected into the more orthodox Marxist Social Democratic Arbeiders Partij which was wholly in line with the innate individualism of the Dutch. Socialism as a guide for effective democratic control of the complex forces of modern economic life was stressed: socialism as a philosophy or as a *Weltanschauung* was definitely abandoned. This led many progressive Protestants and Catholics to enter the Labour Party. Ever since, this ecumenical character has been cherished, mainly through the creation of a network of Protestant, Catholic and Humanistic study groups in which the problems of socialism are approached from a specific angle. The resultant broadening of the socialist appeal has born fruit, not so much in a numerical influx into the party, but through the adherence of many intellectuals.

It is typical of modern Dutch socialism that Marx' name is not mentioned once in the Plan. None of the basic ideas developed by Marx—class warfare, the increasing concentration of the means of production, the impoverishment of the proletariat—appear at all. Leaving aside any theoretical arguments about modern society, the capitalist system in its present form is attacked for three reasons: its social injustice, its inefficiency and its devastating influence on the real balance of power as it should exist in a democratic community.

In five illuminating chapters, these criticisms are elaborated by means of an analysis of the present day distribution of property, the internal balance of power, relationships in the field of production, labor relations and the distribution of the national income. The situation prevailing in Holland in each of these five aspects is sketched and the socialist answer to the problems involved is put forth in a quiet and intelligible manner.

The Plan points out the necessity of further nationalization and more advanced rationalization of production and distribution. The need for an extension of the social services and further democratisation of education and culture is stressed. The case for workers' participation in industry receives due attention, especially as a means of counteracting the unavoidable levelling and depersonalizing effects of centralized control of the economy.

It is evident that the government needs new and larger powers to carry out these policies. First of all, a law which enables it to prescribe the use to be made of the available means of production. Only such a law can guarantee that production is according to need and not only to satisfy financially effective demand. At the same time, it may prove to be a great step forward in the direction of standardization of basic commodities.

A law dealing with control of investment is also fundamental for the build-up of a balanced economy. In most countries the public authorities can already exert much influence on investment policy, partly through increased investments, partly through exchange controls and import restrictions. As a whole, however, investment policy is largely outside democratic control.

Finally, there is need for a credit law. It is impossible to control production and investment while having no direct grip on the activities of the banks. In this respect the position of the Dutch government is already very strong as a result of the recent adoption of a socialist-sponsored act which enables it to direct the credit policy of the private

banks. Right wing and liberal opposition to this act has been extremely strong, but it had to give way before the determined action of the two main coalition parties, Socialist and Catholic. Thus democratic control has already extended into this vital sector of modern Dutch society.

Two of the chapters on more specific problems deserve further analysis. By far the most complex issues for modern socialists lie in the existence of large groups of small and inefficient farmers and an overgrown and even more inefficient distributive system.

With regard to the small farmer, who numbers nearly 40 per cent. of the total farm population, strong and immediate action is impossible. This group is so strong politically that no party would dare to antagonize it. The only suggestion made in the Plan is to prevent the continued existence of any farms below 5 hectares which come free through the death of the present leaseholder. It is characteristic of the degree to which the social structure in Holland is ossified, that here lies the only method of squeezing out the uneconomical farmer.

As far as the distributive system is concerned, efficiency and economy is again hampered by considerable numbers of small retailers working at high costs, thus forcing up the profit margin in all those cases where prices are fixed either by government intervention or by private arrangements. According to the Plan, this mortgage on general productivity must also be combatted by the slow process of squeezing out. The necessary legal powers have been in existence since 1930. It is hoped that the government will receive the help of those immediately concerned as soon as the process of building up new professional organizations has come to an end.

Finally, the Plan contains many interesting suggestions and pungent descriptions of the socialist position on a great variety of subjects. Population policy, the position of married women, emigration, education, sport, the use to be made of spare time, the press, radio, film and television, social hygiene, international cooperation and supranational unity—every one of these subjects receives attention.

It is very hard to predict the influence which the Plan may have on the outcome of the elections. The Dutch political scene is notoriously stable. Major shifts between the parties seldom occur. Even the first post-war elections brought relatively little change. The present circumstances are definitely not such as to raise strong political passions. The economic condition of the country is satisfactory on the whole, although unemployment has been rising to over 5 per cent lately, reaching 175,000. The government has announced certain measures to combat it without committing itself to an all-out attack on unemployment.

The balance of payments situation has greatly improved since last summer. Holland is now for the first time a creditor in the European Payments Union while eight months ago her position was just as critical as France's is today. The rearmament program is putting a burden on the population. It seems, however, that it can be carried out with the American and Canadian aid without disrupting the economy unduly. The policy of rearmament as such is not under attack from any side but the communist.

In the field of foreign policy, no basic disagreements exist between the parties. In regard to Indonesia, the question of sovereignty over Irian is under discussion. Latest reports indicate that Indonesia is no longer pressing as hard for an immediate transfer of sovereignty as was originally the case.

For all these reasons, it is clear that the next elections will mainly be fought on domestic issues. It is on these issues

that the socialist Plan takes a definite stand and should have a widespread appeal. The task now lying ahead of the Dutch Labour Party is to get the Plan across to those sections of the population that normally do not vote socialist. The socialists have never been better prepared for an election campaign, but it is only on condition that their Plan reaches other people that it can be translated into the political power which is vital for its implementation.



Among other statutory stipulations, board of education trustees must be sane; or as phrased by Board Solicitor Hillis Osborne, "you must under no circumstances become insane." (Globe and Mail)

We regret to announce that \_\_\_\_\_'s comment from London on the split in the British Labor Party was too overlaid with background noises to be intelligible. (CBC, March 10, 1952)

"Pass a bid, break a date, duck responsibilities, but have your breakfast and your figure, too," says Dorothy Fleming, successful Toronto fashion model. Along with news about the breakfasts of such other successful bacon-and-egg-breakfasters as radio's Bruce Smith, the article tells why and how to break the habit of breakfastless mornings, with recipes about how to make a breakfast you can face. (Magazine promotion circular)

Queen Elizabeth II, Monarch of a Commonwealth in which Labor and Democratic Socialist parties have had their greatest growth. Scandinavian countries, where Labor and Socialists are strong, also are monarchies. (CCF News)

Cape Breton labor council decided yesterday to ask authorities for "an effective course of action" against "salacious literature and crime comics." Malcolm O'Handley of Glace Bay said that "unless shopkeepers take a certain amount of filthy junk, they will not be supplied with the more respectable periodicals." (Montreal Daily Star)

Canadian Income Tax Act, 17th Edition, \$2.50. Available also in special full bound black fabrikoid binding bearing owner's name in gold imprint, \$5.00. (Publisher's order form)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to Harry Goreman, Toronto, Ont. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

## Art in the Maritimes

Jack W. Humphrey

► YEARS AGO there was something called a "depression." It was said to a painter, then in the Maritimes, "Do not return to New York. The artists there are all in the bread-line." Added to this warning was a little obstructive ruling by the immigration authorities. Thus, ironically enough, the depression, perhaps more than anything else in those years, did something for art in the Maritimes by dumping there, at different times, several painters fresh from the art schools and making their escape unlikely.

In variety of scene the Maritimes are all that non-Maritimers expect, and more. The salt-water fishing villages are augmented by the waterfronts of ocean ports. Colorful streets in our cities are complemented by towns and hamlets of charm and special flavor. Most of the area is occupied by pleasant countryside which extends, not only along our lengthy and often exhilarating coast-lines, but also inland to sparsely settled regions, hills, valleys, flat country, the fields of many farms and wooded sections. Streams and lakes are especially numerous and it is not necessary to travel ninety miles to catch a trout. Though





only a small part of the scenery is spectacular a landscape painter can be happy in the Maritimes.

Here, as elsewhere, are people from whom a painter may select models. Slums exist that may be preached against. If a painter prefers to ignore his physical surroundings or to spend long periods in experiment or research he may do that, too, though he is less likely to be understood by a large number of his neighbours, with a consequent lack of encouragement.

The last consideration leads to the main point of this report. The fact that painting, along with some of the other arts, is valued long after the struggle to produce it has ended, has become the basis, unfortunately, for much art appreciation. Such a time-lag is accepted as inevitable, even normal. This approach to art is often brought forward to sanction complacency by people who are able, but not willing, to better the situation.

A lack of interest in present-day art is particularly evident in the Maritimes. But the material for an enlightened and sensitive society is here and requires only a program of stimulating cultivation. This could be done in the large way of imagination and common sense, if financial means were provided for its accomplishment. Through the Maritime Art Association and member groups, the National Gallery will arrange all the exhibitions the Maritimes can absorb under present restricted conditions. What is needed is a setting for these displays that will really allow them to be seen by a large section of the general public. Displays of paintings should be presented in accessible locations at times the public can see them, and in attractive surroundings planned especially or adapted successfully for the displays. Good-sized fire-proof galleries that could house major exhibitions are required in strategic centres. Large, foreign exhibitions, which the Maritimes should have but are not getting would be potent stimuli.

Many pictures hanging on the walls of rooms, public and private, in all parts of Canada as well as in the Maritimes, communicate no true emotion, do not tastefully decorate the rooms, and have no pictorial idea of genuine significance for their occupants; neither do they present self-contained adventures in form and imagination with all the color and other components with which the artists work. This does not necessarily imply indifference, materialism, hatred of stimulating ideas and poetic imagination in the visual painterly sense, lack of sensory perception, contempt for surroundings and vulgarity. The implication in large part is that the users of these rooms have not had effective contact with meritorious art, contemporary or otherwise.

It may reasonably be concluded that there has been neglect in the matter of accommodation for making art available to a public inexperienced in art—a public which needs above all to be attracted. The artist in the Maritimes could contribute work of much importance to Canadian art. At present, however, he needs more stimulus, not from nature but from other art. Only when the best art is brought frequently within his range will he be able to move forward to his fullest development. He needs the support of an artistically alert public. Such a public can be fostered by the institution of public art galleries in places where the need is most glaring, where art and people can be brought together for their mutual benefit.

← COASTAL SCENE, POCOLOGAN, N.B. (Watercolor)  
Private collection, Reading, England — JACK W. HUMPHREY.

## On the Air

Allan Sangster

► THE DAYTIME SERIAL, "Brave Voyage," better known to those of us who are not sponsors or advertising men as a soap opera, has now been on the CBC's Trans-Canada Network for some three years. It has announced itself daily since the beginning of its run as "an all-Canadian production." With that "all," by way of beginning, we take issue. True, the program is produced, by CBC's Esse Ljungh, in the Corporation's Toronto Studios. It employs such well-known Canadian actors as Beth Lockerie, John Scott, Pegi Brown, Al Pearce and Jane Mallet. But, and an important but it is, we think, in a program which claims so vigorously to be all Canadian, it is written in New York, by an American, and has been from the beginning.

Recently "Brave Voyage" has taken to that nauseating device, the Dramatized Commercial. You know the sort of thing: "But Mary, how do you do it? Why, those towels (slips, panty-waists, diapers (always pronounced di-pers) sheets, scarves, runners, table-cloths, shrouds) are whiter than my new ones!" "But Carol, don't you know about Sudso? I wash all my things in Sudso, and they always come out whiter, brighter, than new. And Sudso's so kind to my hands!"

Day after day for the last several months these gems of phony surprise, of noxious nitwittedness, have assaulted listeners' ears, so that one suspects that this program must be controlled by the lunatic fringe of the advertising business. But perhaps, on the other hand, not so lunatic. Not according to my book, which is, in this case, the official publication entitled *CBC Regulations for Broadcasting Stations*, as revised and amended up to July 1, 1948. There, on page twelve, in type as clear as the CBC's printers could find, it says: (Section 9, Subsection 1) "The advertising of any program shall not exceed in time ten per cent of any program period." No ifs, buts, maybes or whereases; merely that flat, unequivocal statement.

Now, "Brave Voyage's" program period is fifteen minutes, and ten per cent of fifteen is one and a half — one minute and thirty seconds. And yet, timed carefully several times in the past few weeks, this program's advertising content, with the help of these dramatized commercials, has been running three minutes and fifteen second, or more than twice the regulation time.

With my copy of the Broadcast Regulations, when I got it, came a mimeographed letter, addressed to "all station Managers and advertising agencies" and signed by George Young, the CBC's Manager of Broadcast Relations. The last sentence in that letter is this: "In the interests of listeners, it (the CBC Board of Governors) also plans to check more closely the proportion of advertising material in broadcasting programs in general."

True, that letter was dated October first, nineteen hundred and forty-eight, but it expressed an intention which was then and still is admirable, and intention, it seems, is as far as this project ever got. I suggest that the CBC *should* check more closely the proportion of advertising time in all programs, that it should check steadily and constantly, and that the place to begin is on its own stations and networks. Certainly the beams should be removed from the eyes of the private stations, many of whom are atrocious offenders in this respect, but before that is done there should be no moles in the CBC's own eyes. And a minute and a half of excess advertising time, in a program of only fifteen minutes,

is a mote to which drastic surgery cannot be applied too soon.

In this connection one of the letters which turned up on Citizens' Forum for March thirteenth — What Do We Want From the CBC? — is of interest. The writer of this letter — obviously a long-suffering listener — wanted to know why we had to put up with singing commercials, and also wanted all commercials to be shortened. This letter was turned over to Mr. E. L. Bushnell, CBC Director-General of Programs, as the person on the panel best equipped to answer it. I thought it interesting and perhaps indicative that Mr. Bushnell's answer dealt only with the singing commercial part of the letter, and took absolutely no notice of the shorter commercials suggestion. Indicative of what, do you ask?

Well, in the first place, Mr. Bushnell is certainly more familiar with the CBC's regulations than I am — that ten per cent limit must by now be graven upon his heart. In the second, he's one of the few CBC officials who actually does spend time listening to the radio for which he is responsible. Putting these two facts together, one can fairly argue that CBC executives do know what goes on; they know that their own rules are being broken on their own stations. One suspects, then, that they must have agreed to wink at the infractions — to turn a deaf ear and time with a slow stopwatch. One wonders why this should be; not only in view of the steady complaints of listeners against over-long commercials, but especially in view of the expert and well-established opinion that lengthy commercials bore the listener and defeat their own purpose. There is, in fact, absolutely nothing to be said in their favor, except in the minds of greedy sponsors and boot-licking advertising agencies, and it is time, as the Massey report suggests, that the CBC took a firm stand.

I commend to CBC officials, sponsors, agencies, and the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, the Salada Tea Company's excellent sponsored newscast on CFRB, evenings at six-thirty. There is a *brief* opening commercial, there is the news, there is Mr. Dennett's statement that the weather report will be heard in seven seconds. And, within seven seconds, often within six, we are hearing the weather report. In those seven seconds we have heard all we need to know about Salada tea. Here is radio advertising at its best.

As many listeners will know, Trans-Canada Network is now carrying (from NBC) the program called The Voice of Firestone. This is a moderately good half-hour of serious and semi-serious music featuring guest singers of top U.S. calibre, with an orchestra conducted by Howard Barlow. Its life of twenty-three years makes it the most durable of American coast-to-coast network shows. In spite of that, we hadn't intended to mention it, but this morning comes a plaintive letter from the Russell T. Kelly advertising agency, complaining that "the program has been listed incorrectly on the radio pages of many daily newspapers. Some papers call it the Howard Barlow show. Others give only the name of the guest artist. Some simply list it as Firestone."

This letter surely indicates astonishing naiveté in the minds of the agency. As if they didn't know that this mislabelling by the papers came from the most deliberate calculation, designed to perform the least possible service for radio and to avoid giving free space to a manufacturer's trade-name! And if they do know (we think they must), then their trusting belief that this bland, innocent, open-faced approach will make any difference in the hard-boiled newspaper offices surely does their hard-headedness little credit.

## Film Review

Doris Mosdell

► THE PHENOMENAL COMMERCIAL success of the National Film Board's long short, or short long film, *Royal Journey*, has been augmented and confirmed by a full column of appreciative remarks by the *New York Times* film critic, Bosley Crowther. His remarks, on the whole, are very kind, although he does spend most of his space being ecstatic about the new Eastman color process used in the film, which as he says once and for all proves that bad weather conditions are not necessarily bad at all, but can be used to convey moods and feeling and the physical atmosphere of a given location in a way that has hitherto been impossible in color films.

What is really remarkable about Bosley Crowther's column, however, is the note of surprise that creeps into his words in attributing this revolution in color photography to the Canadian film-makers. You might almost think that nobody but Hollywood technicians had either the resources or the intelligence to develop new ideas in film-making or to take advantage of inventions already in existence. Crowther, in fact, raps Hollywood's collective knuckles with his critical ruler for not having thought of using the Eastman process first. In the case of *Royal Journey*, this rather naive astonishment does not lead him to overestimate the movie itself, because *Royal Journey* does happen to be a good movie with a good score and with particularly fine composition, quite apart from its triumphantly natural color. Surprising competence on the part of non-American or non-English film-makers does however frequently upset a critic's perspective, so that his pleasure in recognizing competence often becomes an over-anxious inclination to discover a masterpiece where none actually exists.

Take, for example, the Japanese film *Rashomon*, which comes to us trailing clouds of critical glory and sporting proudly an international award from the Festival at Venice. *Rashomon* is undoubtedly an interesting movie, reasonably well-photographed, nicely scored, and featuring, naturally, a group of Japanese actors and actresses in Japanese costume. It is, however, inordinately long, and pretentious in the extreme. As you may know, the story presents four different versions of the same incident. A young Japanese merchant and his wife are attacked in a dense forest by a famous Japanese bandit. The bandit ties the husband to a tree, and rapes the wife. After the assault, the husband is killed; and the question is, how and why did the husband die? According to the bandit who is an attractive ruffian and much the most convincing character in the whole picture, he killed the husband — at the wife's evil instigation. According to the wife herself, the bandit is innocent; her husband died more or less by accident. The husband himself testifies, through a medium, that he committed suicide. All three versions have one thing in common: they consistently present the narrator in each case in the best possible moral light. The fourth and final version is told by a surprise eye-witness, whose version is the most complicated, the least consistent, and yet humanly the most convincing of all. According to this witness, none of the three was completely guiltless, and none completely evil. And, in fact, the witness himself is tarred with a bit of the same pitch because he stole a valuable dagger from the scene of the crime. Later, however, he establishes his moral virtue by adopting an orphan baby into his already poverty-stricken family; whereupon a despondent young student (or priest, I couldn't tell which) discovers that his own faith in humanity has been restored . . . well, it's an interesting story, but

a little too simple-minded to bear the weight of all the adjectives which have been heaped upon it—profound, significant, deeply moving, and the rest. It is true that the same story is told four times without palling on the audience as a story; but the variety which keeps it fresh is a matter of different angles of internal vision on the part of each character. In other words, the interest is psychological, and on that basis, very real. Technically, however, although some difference in photographic tone is established between the four versions and the narrative frame which surrounds them, the three accounts are treated identically. The psychological shades and differences are not backed up or underlined by the photography. Making every allowance for leisurely Oriental fashions in story telling, *Rashomon* could stand cutting by about a third. Too uniform technique and inordinate length are major flaws which effectively rule *Rashomon* out of the masterpiece class, particularly since its content is far from original or striking. It seems impossible to account for its critical popularity without bringing in such irrelevant matters as sheer novelty and a basically impertinent surprise that the Japanese are capable of producing pictures which do interest the west.

## Correspondence

The Editor: Letters to editors are usually in the form of brick-bats. It is a pleasure to send a letter to you in the form of a small bouquet—in order to express our appreciation of the excellent article which appeared in your February issue from the pen of Mr. Howard Chapman on "Building Codes in Canada."

I know that I speak for the members of the National Research Council Associate Committee on the National Building Code when I say that Mr. Chapman's article is a most constructive contribution to the cause of better build-

ing regulations in this country. We naturally appreciate his reference to our own work.

Robert F. Legget,  
Chairman, Associate Committee on the  
National Building Code, National  
Research Council, Ottawa, Ont.

## Music Review

Milton Wilson

► BECAUSE THE ROYAL CONSERVATORY Opera School is so important in the training of singers from all over Canada, its recent two week festival in Toronto deserves to be scrutinized closely and compared with previous ones. A few months ago in a column on recent methods of operatic performance, although I had some reservations about the Conservatory's methods, I praised last year's *Marriage of Figaro* and the previous year's *Rigoletto* as "among the most impressive and memorable productions I can recall". This year I went to two operas, *The Magic Flute* and *The Bartered Bride*, and was, on the whole, disappointed with what I saw and heard. The faults of previous years were still there, along with several new and more disturbing ones. The Opera Festival has become a success and its season has been expanded, but its standards seem to have dropped correspondingly.

First of all, the orchestra was markedly inferior. It may be that in previous years the orchestra had been improved by outside help and that this year it was manned solely by Conservatory pupils (and if so, the principle is to be commended), but, whatever the cause, Mr. Goldschmidt could get little out of it. The violins simply were not together.

As for the singers, some of them were excellent some of the time. I heard Mary Morrison in both operas and was



HOUSE AT SCARBOROUGH BLUFFS (Wood Engraving)—DORIS MCCARTHEY

glad of it, even if in the *Flute* she, like the audience, seemed to tire before the end. Lois Marshall found the Queen of the Night's arias beyond her range, but when she wasn't suffering from this disadvantage she sang well. Jan Rubes and Andrew MacMillan repeated their vocal (and personal) successes of previous years. Some minor roles were well sung (such as the High Priest in the *Flute*), while more important ones like Sarastro and Tamino were below standard. All in all *The Bartered Bride* was markedly superior to *The Magic Flute*, and, apart from the orchestra, approached the standards of previous years.

As for acting, Mary Morrison, it seemed to me, had the economy and the clarity that operatic acting requires. But she was unfortunate both in the *Bride* and the *Flute* in having opposite her tenors whose stage presence and tentative movements destroyed the very limited illusion necessary. The emphasis on "stage business" which was so annoying in parts of last year's *Figaro* was still in evidence here and there. Jan Rubes as the Marriage Broker, although he is a capable actor, was continually dropping umbrellas on his own or others' toes, unexpectedly establishing or losing physical contact with his fellow actors, and generally filling up every movement with tedious and distracting gestures in a way that reminded me of the St. Vitus' Dance which overcomes Clowns and Fools in inferior productions of Shakespeare. I suppose it is difficult in such a role to be economical, and the actor is liable to prefer a superfluous gesture to a silly statuesqueness. But surely Mr. Rubes (and Mr. MacMillan) are good enough actors to avoid either. I am not, of course, criticizing such things as the circus scene in the *Bride*, where Mr. Geiger-Torel's ability to organize variety of movement by a stage full of characters was at its impressive best.

What bothered me most, however, was the staging of the *Flute*. I don't recall how many breaks there were in the Second Act, but there must have been half a dozen. A single aria or chorus would be sung, the curtain would fall, and the stage hands would scurry about changing from a forest to Sarastro's palace or vice versa. As a result, something approaching twenty minutes was lost, while the audience fidgeted in their seats. Now, in the *Flute*, unlike *Don Giovanni*, the themes are generally significant tags, universal commonplaces, or, if you prefer, archetypal tunes, which must occur in context to achieve most of their effectiveness. To give an obvious example from a scene which was excellently done in the Conservatory production, the theme sung by The High Priest and the unseen chorus when Tamino first reaches Sarastro's realms is so basic that one can only judge it by its overwhelming rightness when it occurs after Tamino's passionate (and equally unoriginal) recitative. It is, therefore, extremely important that the opera's continuity should not be broken, whatever the difficulties that Schikaneder's libretto has set in our way. Anything, even no scenery at all, or an old-fashioned backdrop system, is better than disintegrating the opera by these tedious gaps. The result of this year's production, I fear, was to convince many people that *The Magic Flute* was not merely silly, but dull as well.

\* \* \*

Walter Kaufman's short opera, *Bashmatchkin*, broadcast by the CBC on March 12th, had the charm, spontaneity and unpretentiousness of the few other works I have heard of this composer. I took a while to be convinced (*Wozzeck* and water" was my early reaction), but by the time we reached the first superb scene in the General's office (not to mention Bashmatchkin's death and funeral) I was willing to grant Mr. Kaufman a real achievement. Please perform it again, CBC. Next time I might find the first couple of scenes convincing as well.

## Spring Song

(Touchstone: I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the county copulatives.)

Spring, Spring, profligate Spring,  
Is a wallowing trollop with breasts aswing,  
Splay-footed, squelching the mud through her toes,  
Lustily laughing as Northward she goes  
Yanking the blankets from shivering grasses,  
Slapping the maples and elms as she passes.

Wholeheartedly pagan, amused and exhorting,  
She spreads the contagion of vigorous courting.  
The sluttish and ruttish replenish the earth;  
The profile in fashion is matronly girth.  
Her boldly emblazoned heraldic crest  
Is a tip-toe cockerel thumping his chest.

Fred Swayze.

## The Root of the Problem

Feeling as I do at this point  
I am all in favor of an  
After-life and an early  
resurrection  
at which the first thing I would do  
would be to get after those two who got  
me into this mess;  
and then, I suppose,  
we would all keep going  
in grimly multiplying numbers  
looking for our blessed  
primal parents  
whom we would, in all likelihood,  
by our milling around  
flush from some nice  
thicket in a state of bewitching  
and frightened accomplishment  
and feel rather  
silly  
and go back the way we came  
more or less.

R. W. Mungall.

## I Didn't Like

I've gone away, I am not here,  
I won't be back for many a year.  
No use looking under the bed;  
I've gone, decamped, vamoosed, I've fled.

I didn't like the smell of cheese;  
I didn't like to pay my fees;  
I didn't like the shape of shoes  
And not finding what I lose.

I didn't like the bedroom dust  
And doing what I say I must  
And going to bed and getting up  
And washing lipstick off a cup.

I've climbed the world's ancestral tree  
And there I sit where I can see  
Everybody doing what  
I do not like, so I am not.

Violet Anderson.



## Turning New Leaves

► IN 1929, AFTER SEVERAL early novels had brought him little fame and even less money, William Faulkner wrote his famous shocker *Sanctuary*. Later, in a preface to the Modern Library Edition, he described this book as "a cheap idea . . . deliberately conceived to make money." Nevertheless, *Sanctuary* has remained Faulkner's most popular novel, and now—and this is characteristic of a writer who is forever tinkering with the people and the history created in earlier books—he has composed a curious and startling epilogue to his one really popular success (1).

*Sanctuary* is the story of Temple Drake, a seventeen-year-old university student who leaves a special train headed for a university game to keep a date with a young man named Gowan Stevens. The scene is, of course, Mississippi. Temple and Gowan drive back into the hills to buy a bottle of bootleg liquor. Their car is wrecked, and the next day Gowan abandons Temple with an assorted crew of gangsters at the bootlegger's. The impotent and pathological Popeye murders one of the other men, and then violates and kidnaps Temple. Temple ends up as a privileged guest in a Memphis brothel, and Popeye hires a young tough, Red, to act as his stand-in in affairs of the flesh. A member of the bootleg gang is brought to trial for the murder which Popeye committed; Red is put out of the way for attempting to betray Popeye with Temple; and when Temple is produced as a surprise witness at the murder trial, she perjures herself to save Popeye. The innocent man is burned to death by

(1) REQUIEM FOR A NUN: William Faulkner; Random House; 286 pp.; \$3.75.

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a lynch mob; Popeye is hanged for a crime he did not commit; and Temple goes off to Paris to recover from her experiences (2).

*Sanctuary*, it should be plain, has a melodramatic and gruesome plot, and many of Faulkner's critics and readers have been hard put to decide how to take this novel. Faulkner has said that the book was written in three weeks, and there are times when it seems a rather hasty and careless effort. Yet *Sanctuary* bears a close relationship to the other novels in Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha saga, and if for no other reason than this, it can hardly be dismissed as a trivial potboiler. And in contrast to the very novels which Faulkner insists he was trying to mimic, *Sanctuary* has real literary qualities: a sense of form and movement; a lusty humor which explodes suddenly in the midst of its apparently meaningless violence; and a gallery of wonderful subsidiary characters.

Faulkner's "sequel" to this novel consists of a three-act play embedded in three prose narratives which investigate the history of Yoknapatawpha County from the days of the Chickasaw Indians to the present time. It picks up Temple's story eight years after the experiences related in *Sanctuary*. Gowan has journeyed to Paris, where he and Temple have had a society wedding. Now, back home in Jefferson with two children, they are determined to live down their earlier history in the bosom of the country club set.

But Gowan will insist on forgiving Temple for the Memphis period, even to the extent of giving up drinking. And he doubts the paternity of the elder child. Temple, for her part, finds gratitude a heavy burden and life in Jefferson a bore after the Memphis brothel. As a liberal gesture (and because Temple wants someone around to whom she can talk freely), they hire as the children's nurse a Negro, Nancy Mannigoe, who is a former prostitute and dope addict. Red's younger brother turns up with some love letters Temple had written eight years before. Temple offers him money and jewelry, and also decides to go away with him, taking the younger child, a girl, with her. In a last effort to avert this tragedy, Nancy murders the child.

The play opens after Nancy has been sentenced to death, and the story I have been outlining here is told through flashbacks. Gowan's uncle, the lawyer Gavin Stevens who plays an important role in Faulkner's *Intruder in the Dust*, has defended Nancy, and he is determined to force Temple to examine her motives and indeed her whole history—not, it appears, with any real hope of saving Nancy's life but partly in an effort to give her sacrifice some concrete meaning. He takes Temple to tell her story to the governor: but the governor will not pardon Nancy, since that would deprive her of the full dignity of the gesture that she has deliberately chosen to make. Finally Gavin and Temple visit Nancy in the jail on the eve of her execution. Temple still wrestling with motives, desperately appeals to Nancy for help. Nancy answers: "Believe." And Temple asks: "Believe what, Nancy. Tell me." And Nancy replies: "Believe."

So much for another bald plot summary. And any summary of the plot for *Requiem for a Nun* must, I am afraid, make the play seem contrived in the extreme and even ridiculous. Yet Faulkner is a great writer, and what are we to say about a book by a great writer which seems in so

(2) I am compelled to tell the story in detail here because *Sanctuary* is banned in Canada. And this points up the sort of idiocy into which all forms of censorship fall: for *Sanctuary* is banned but a cheap, near-plagiarism of the Faulkner novel, James Hadley Chase's *No Orchids for Miss Blandish*, is available everywhere in pocket-book form.

many respects a clear failure? And we have also to take into account the large body of work within which *Requiem for a Nun* is evidently intended to take its place.

Some of the weaknesses of *Requiem for a Nun* represent intensifications of difficulties which were already present in *Sanctuary*. The wild and violent plot of the earlier book carries through into the new work, and Faulkner is continually forced to improvise and explain. Moreover, the central characters in *Sanctuary*—Temple and Popeye—were more nearly abstractions than most of the people in Faulkner's other novels. Popeye is described in this way: "His face had a queer, bloodless color, as though seen by electric light . . . he had that vicious, depthless quality of stamped tin." There is something of this same depthless quality about Temple and even the novel as a whole.

This is a fitting quality for a book like *Sanctuary*, which exists on the hard and violent surface of events, but it is disastrous in the play, with its almost complete absence of incident (the murder of the child and the trial take place off-stage), and in which a prolonged examination of motives and meanings is everything. And possibly it is because he finds Temple intractable material in her new setting that Faulkner allows her no life of her own, and speaks through her with his own voice. Gavin Stevens, a loquacious conscience, is, perhaps, equally intractable material. So the voices in *Requiem for a Nun* are granted different names, but through almost all of them there seems to speak the voice of William Faulkner.

But that voice is now speaking with a new urgency, and it seems likely that Faulkner regards *Requiem for a Nun* as an important book. The prose sections belong, moreover, with his best achievements. The two longest sections, which are called "The Courthouse" and "The Jail," provide us with a wonderfully compressed history of the town of Jefferson (actually, Oxford, Mississippi) and Yoknapatawpha County. They are rich and deep with echoes of the events and the families and the peoples with whom Faulkner has populated his books and stories: the Chickasaws and the Negroes; the traders and the plantation owners and the Confederate soldiers and statesmen; the Sutpens and Sartorises, the Stevens and the Compons, the Coldfields and the McCaslins. This is living history: dense, sometimes tortuous and even falsely rhetorical, but also soaring and imaginative in a way that contemporary writing so rarely is. There is a great deal of life and humor in these sections; they are anchored in an intense feeling for the past, but they are still marvellously immediate in their total effect.

Reading these narratives, we are able to understand exactly what Gavin Stevens means when he tells Temple during the course of the play that "The past is never dead. It's not even past." For here we have an illustration of something which Conrad Aiken pointed out years ago, in what is still one of the best essays ever written about Faulkner's work (3). "What Mr. Faulkner is after," he said, ". . . is a *continuum*. He wants a medium without stops or pauses, a medium which is always of the moment, and of which the passage from moment to moment is as fluid and undetectable as is the life itself which he is purporting to

give . . ." The narratives in *Requiem for a Nun* demonstrate that when Faulkner gets what he wants, it is a marvel to behold.

It is within the context of this feeling for the past—and the belief that the past is never past—that the continuation of Temple Drake's story has been placed (for the conjunction of the narratives and the play is quite deliberate). But why Temple's story; why return at this late date to *Sanctuary*?

There is one obvious answer. Faulkner has never been backward about returning to elaborate further stories and characters he has dealt with before, and he may have regarded Temple as a person whose story was not fully told the first time. But *Requiem for a Nun* is more than an elaboration of *Sanctuary*: its aims and its tone are entirely different. For here we meet a quite bald and often desperate-seeming affirmation of the need for belief and also of the need for those other virtues which, as any reader of Faulkner's knows, lie close beneath the surface of even the most strange and solitary of his books.

For Faulkner has always been, according to George Marion O'Donnell, the best of his early critics, "a traditional man in the best sense . . . a traditional man in the modern South." And as Robert Penn Warren says, for Faulkner "the old order . . . allowed the traditional man to define himself as human by setting up codes, concepts of virtue, obligations, and by accepting the risks of his humanity. Within the traditional order was a notion of truth . . ."

In "The Bear," one of his finest stories, Faulkner has explained what that "notion of truth" embraces: "Truth is one. It doesn't change. It covers all things which touch the heart—honor and pride and pity and justice and courage and love. Do you see now?" And a year or so ago, on the occasion of his acceptance of the Nobel Prize, he affirmed that "I believe that man will not merely endure; he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's duty is to write about these things . . ."

A few years ago, in *Go Down, Moses*, a book which included, among other stories, "The Bear," Faulkner seems first to have begun writing directly about these things. Later he published *Intruder in the Dust*, a novel which deals directly with contemporary conditions, and now he has returned after twenty years to Temple Drake, the most "modern" of his heroines; and through her he has apparently tried to say, quite directly and to a wide audience, that the past is not really past and that the old values have a real meaning in this desperate time. And in all this poor Nancy Mannigoe has her place. For the old order had one great flaw: a curse had been laid upon it, the curse of slavery. And there is evidence of a quite mundane sort that steadily through his career Faulkner's attitude towards the Negro has been radically changing (in fact, as Nancy Mannigoe shows there is danger now that Faulkner will create his own, impossibly virtuous stereotype of the Negro). (4).

So Faulkner has become, at least for the moment, a "public" novelist. It is impossible not to feel a very real admiration for the intensity of feeling which has driven him

(3) This essay, with other important essays by George Marion O'Donnell, Malcolm Cowley, Robert Penn Warren, Jean-Paul Sartre, and a number of other critics, has been reprinted in *William Faulkner: Two Decades of Criticism*, edited by Frederick J. Hoffman and Olga W. Vickery. This book is the most important critical study of Faulkner's writings so far available, and one of its editors, Mrs. Vickery, is a Canadian and a recent graduate of the University of Toronto. The book was recently published in the United States by Michigan State College Press, but unfortunately no Canadian firm has undertaken to distribute it in this country.

(4) For information about this aspect of Faulkner's development, see two recent articles in the excellent American monthly, *Commentary*: "The Nobel Prize Comes to Mississippi," by Sidney Alexander (August, 1951); and "William Faulkner and the Negroes," by Irving Howe (October, 1951).

into this new stage in his career. But so far the books which belong to this period—with the exception of *Go Down, Moses*—have been disappointing. And the pity is that, while there are more than enough people available who want to save the world, there aren't nearly enough writers of the stature of William Faulkner at his best.

ROBERT L. WEAVER.

## Books Reviewed

FOUR THOUSAND MILLION MOUTHS: edited by F. Le Gros Clark and N. W. Pirie; Oxford; pp. 215; \$2.75.

A speaker at Unesco once described that agency as "the awakened conscience of the world." The awakened mind of the world has produced a scientific and technological civilization which could presently explode of its own inner, un-directed energy, unless the conscience of human society assumes direction. Whatever lies ahead for humanity, the decision is not a long-range one. This is the hour.

Thirteen British thinkers working in the fields of nutrition, biochemistry, agricultural physiology, plant pathology, marine life and statistics, have contributed to a symposium on the problems of food and fecundity. They point out that by the end of the century there will be four billion people living on the planet, as science and engineering have combined to prolong the life span and reduce infant and child mortality by medicine and sanitation. Fecundity and the lengthening of life expectancy are not balanced by an increased food supply, and unless they are, we shall simply prolong the years of starvation for three quarters of the world's people, and in the process reduce the living standards of those parts of the world which now boast of their high standard of living. This problem of food is more urgent even than the problem of re-armament, threatening as may be the struggle between Russia and the non-Communist world. War or no war, the problem of starvation faces the world unless an atomic war solves the problem of over-population. Our global housekeeping is "lamentably inefficient." A large proportion of our food is lost by plant diseases, insects, rodents, spoilage and inefficient transport. The harvest of the world might be doubled if we could transform the illiterate peasantries of more than half the world into thoughtful and far-sighted men and women who would apply scientific methods to soil conservation, the overcoming of disease and insects, and the use of crops adapted to their special local needs.

In 1935 the U.S. lost 160,000,000 bushels of wheat by black rust, and that situation has been overcome by research. One plant disease is now destroying the cocoa trade of the African Gold Coast, and another the production of cloves in Zanzibar. These are disasters less important than those caused by diseases in the basic foods of backward territories, and a chronic disease can be ultimately more destructive than a lethal one which dramatically draws the world's attention. Exporting our surpluses is no solution to the problem. Technical knowledge, education, research are the only things that can really help the deficit countries. "Security against invasion is not one whit more important than security against starvation. . . . A world free of starvation might also be one free from invading armies. No one knows; it has never been tried."

Which shall we use, bombs or botanists? This book is, by indirection, a tribute to John Boyd Orr, called by the editors "one of the great scientific humanists of our day," a man who has made the soil of world opinion fertile with new ideas, and who carried a message of a human covenant

against hunger into every part of the earth. Here is a war in which every human conscience can enlist for active service, into which men and women can go with conviction and integrity.

Blodwen Davies.

AN INTRODUCTION TO PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY: W. H. Walsh; Ryerson (Hutchinson); pp. 173; \$2.25.

This book, by a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, should be of great interest to those who are interested in philosophy and/or history. It is written with all the charm, urbanity and humor that we have come to expect from British scholarship.

The author divides his subject into two parts, the first dealing with the critical and the second with the speculative aspects of philosophy of history. The bulk of the work is devoted to the former set of problems. Even if the attempt to explain the whole course and meaning of history is dismissed as "metaphysical," nevertheless the examination of the nature or logic of historical thinking, that is its epistemological status, remains a genuine philosophical task which even the logical positivist must undertake.

How is historical thinking related to other types of knowledge, such as scientific thought? How is an historical fact and historical truth in general established? The facts involved are past facts and therefore not accessible to direct inspection or verification. It may be said that we can test statements of alleged historical facts by an appeal to historical evidence. The difficulty here is that the historian not only has to support his statements by referring to the evidence but also to determine, in the first place, what is and what is not evidence.

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Then there is the question of the historian's objectivity. Must he not look at the past from a particular point of view or perspective which will considerably affect his interpretation? The entirely impersonal thinking of the scientist does not seem to be a possibility for the historian.

The last critical question that the author raises has to do with the nature of historical explanation. Scientific explanation consists in showing that systems of observed uniformities are examples of general laws. But the historian, for the most part, is content to explain a given event by tracing its connection with other events in such a way as to show that together they constitute a single intelligible process.

Some philosophers of history go on from this point to try to show that the whole of history is intelligible in the sense of exhibiting an over-all pattern and meaning. This is the speculative philosophy of history which belongs to metaphysics and the author concludes his book by examining several examples in this field.

The exposition, which ranges from Hume and Vico to Collingwood, Marx and Toynbee, is at all times deft and illuminating. This book is both instructive and fascinating, and its low price, for these days, is something of a marvel.

D. R. G. Owen.

HERMAN MELVILLE: A BIOGRAPHY: Leon Howard; Oxford (University of California Press); pp. 354; \$6.50.

Professor Howard is a long way from getting a fish-hook in the nose of Leviathan, but he does provide a careful account of the external events in the life of the author of *Moby Dick*. He has had the advantage of collaboration with Jay Leyda, compiler of the recent *Melville Log*, an accumulation of all the available facts about Melville's life. The *Log* provides the source material and the documentation for the biography. Unfortunately its detail is often excessive and trivial. For example, the information that on Friday, December 14, 1849, Melville left the theatre at nine o'clock in order

to buy a new pair of pants (p. 147) does not help us much to understand the mind and art of a great writer.

So much of the book proceeds on that level that one is tempted to exclaim that everything is here about Melville—except Melville! The events recorded in the book undoubtedly happened to a man named Herman Melville, but this, one feels, was not the man who wrote *Moby Dick*, *Pierre*, and *Billy Budd*. On his behalf one wants to invoke Walt Whitman's words: "I am the man, I suffer'd, I was there."

Still this biography has the virtues of its main defect. By his method and procedure Professor Howard does three valuable things: (1) he shows what Melville was reading at each period of his life and how he used other men's books in writing his own; (2) he makes it easy for the reader to sift the fact from the invention in Melville's supposedly autobiographical books; (3) he gives a circumstantial account of the day-to-day, week-to-week composition of Melville's books so that we see how they developed, how they were changed, and how they were put together.

Carlyle King.

I LED 3 LIVES: Herbert A. Philbrick; McGraw-Hill; pp. 323; \$4.50.

This is a well-written, perhaps overly well-written, account of Mr. Philbrick's activities as a volunteer FBI agent inside the American Communist Party. Mr. Philbrick was one of the star witnesses produced by the Justice Department to prove that the Communist Party advocated force and violence as a means of overthrowing the government. His evidence helped convict the eleven top communist leaders whose trial before Judge Medina was a recent headline subject.

Mr. Philbrick started on his career as spy as a result of being taken in by communists who very efficiently bored into and took over a youth organization he helped found. Angry and bewildered, he took his complaint to the FBI and accepted their invitation to go along with the communists and find out more about their methods and doctrines. He did, for a period of nine years, during four of which he was in the Communist Party itself. His book describes the party structure and activities, particularly its underground organization and its methods of infiltrating non-communist and "front" groups.

Interestingly enough, though Mr. Philbrick hates communism, this feeling is not directed at individual communists as such. He writes about many of them with considerable respect, even sympathy and affection. What bothered him a good deal was to discover within the party people who were apparently well integrated into their society, eminent, successful, even wealthy. Yet he fails, except fleetingly and very superficially, to explain why such people ever joined the party. Nor, although he was subjected to intensive propaganda and "education" in Marxism-Leninism-Stalinism (he even prepared educational outlines for party purposes) does he take time to analyse its theories and answer them. Evidently they made no impression on him. but why not?

Spying is a dirty business at best. But, if Mr. Philbrick is to be believed, he acted from the highest of motives. At any rate, his book lacks the sanctimonious air which pervades the Chambers series in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

A. Andras.

THE JOURNAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT: edited by John Guthrie Tait; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 850; \$7.50.

Scott's *Journal* is not the sort of book to read through at one sitting, or two—or ten, for that matter. But dipped into on occasion it tells us a great deal that is interesting about the man who, seen as a whole, is surely the greatest

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in nineteenth century British literature. In the *Journal* we see him as a man, a husband and father, an historian, antiquary and collector of anecdotes, a novelist, a poet, a business man, a politician (or lobbyist), a Scotsman, a traveller—the list could be extended indefinitely. What he tells us about his method of writing novels will no doubt shock the followers of Henry James. And yet, beginning a novel without knowing how it will end is no different from ending it without knowing how it will begin. Something has to be adapted to something else that is prior, in any method of writing. And I am not sure that those contemporaries who claim that a rigid, external form is freeing rather than limiting could not learn from Scott. The fact that the earlier parts of his novels were already printed before he reached the end did not need to be harmful to the novelist. To what extent it was or was not to Scott himself is another question. "Sent off ten pages this morning with a revise. We spy land, but how to get my catastrophe packed into the compass allotted for it . . . There is no help for it—I must make a *tour de force*, and annihilate both time and space." Some of his identical remarks about the creative mind are interesting:

"I am not making too much I know and I know too it is time I were making it. Unhappily there is such a thing as more haste and less speed. I can very seldom think to purpose by lying perfectly idle but when I take an idle book or a walk my mind strays back to its task of contradiction as it were; the things I read become mingled with those I have been writing, and something is concocted. I cannot compare this process of the mind to anything save that of a woman to whom the mechanical operation of spinning serves as a running base to the songs she sings or the course of ideas she pursues. The phrase *hoc age* often quoted by my father does not jump with my humor. I cannot nail my mind to one subject of contemplation, and it is by nourishing two trains of ideas that I can bring one into order."

The new edition is printed from a photostat of the original and claims to correct many of the slips, needless corrections and bowdlerization of the previous Douglas edition of 1890. The notes are few and seem well selected.

M. Wilson.

THE WORLDLY MUSE: A. J. M. Smith; George J. McLeod (Abelard Press); pp. 388; \$4.50.

This is "an Anthology of Serious Light Verse" edited and with an introduction by A. J. M. Smith. As Mr. Smith points out in his introduction, it differs from other collections of light verse "in that it is not merely a compilation of amusing, witty, or ingenious verses. Instead it is a book of poetry, and though the poems are presided over by the muse of Comedy, they offer a genuine 'criticism of life,' which though never solemn or pretentious is never trivial either."

It also differs from most anthologies in that the poems are arranged in a very definite pattern which has no relation to chronological order. Instead, they are grouped under the headings: Pantry and Cellar, Low Life, On the Town, Of Gardens and Orchards: Nymphs and Shepherds, A Woman Is a Worthy Thing, Time's Winged Chariot, The Blind Bow-Boy, The Right True End, The Animal Kingdom, War, On Life and Letters, The Way of the World, A Bitter Brew, Ogres and Pygmies, O Sacred Weapon, Sectarian Malice, and The Passive Place. As Mr. Smith explains, "Reading the poems in sequence one finds them falling into the pattern of a little intellectual comedy . . . The variety of attitudes, the mixture of tones, and the differences of treatment when poets representing different centuries and different classes of society come to grips with one of the not very numerous subjects of universal human interest

testify both to the complexity and the unity of the human mind."

It seems to me that A. J. M. Smith's "Worldly Muse" must be a very close relation of George Meredith's "Comic Spirit." In *An Essay on Comedy*, Meredith wrote: "If you believe that our aim is founded on common sense, you will, when contemplating men, discern a spirit overhead . . . It has the sage's brows, and the sunny malice of a faun lurks at the corners of the half-closed lips drawn in an idle wariness of half tension . . . Men's future upon earth does not attract it; their honesty and shapeliness in the present does; and whenever they wax out of proportion, overblown, affected, pretentious, delicate; whenever it sees them self-deceived and hoodwinked, congregating in absurdities, planning shortsightedly, plotting dementedly; whenever they are at variance with their professions and violate the unwritten but perceptible laws binding them in consideration one to another; whenever they offend sound reason, fair justice; are false in humility or mined with conceit, individually or in the bulk; the Spirit overhead will look humanely malign, and cast an oblique light on them, followed by volleys of silvery laughter. That is the Comic Spirit."

It is hardly necessary to add that I found the book completely delightful.

Edith Fowke.

CHILD OF THE SNAPPING TURTLE: MIKE FINK: Julian Lee Rayford; George McLeod (Abelard Press); pp. 335; \$5.00.

This novel, based on history and legend, gives a lively picture of pioneer days in the Mississippi Valley. Its hero, Mike Fink, is a real character whose exploits have become part of American folklore. He was a scout and Indian

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fighter when Pittsburgh was a frontier town; then he became king of the keel boatmen who piloted their boats up and down the Mississippi river system from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. His name is less well known than those of Paul Bunyan, Daniel Boone, and Davy Crockett, but he belongs in the same tradition. He is one of the frontiersmen who boasted that they were "half-hoss, half-alligator."

The novel tells an exciting story in a realistic and poetic style. I found it particularly interesting because Mike Fink is credited with half a dozen songs which have become part of American folk literature. These songs are sung by Julian Rayford on a record which accompanies the book, and anyone interested in authentic folk singing will find them fascinating. My favorite is "Salt River Roarer" which runs:

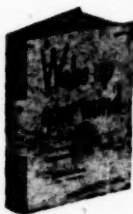
"I'm a Salt River roarer  
I'm a ring-tailed screamer  
I'm just a little bit stronger than ten thousand goring,  
stomping, fighting, bellowing bulls . . ."

*Edith Fowke.*

THEY MADE DEMOCRACY WORK: Edith Fowke;  
The Co-operative Committee on Japanese Canadians;  
pp. 32; 25 cents.

The forced removal of all Japanese residents from the British Columbia coastal area in 1942, and the subsequent treatment of those wartime pawns is a shameful if expedient chapter in recent Canadian history. But even at the height of war-induced hysteria, the government flouting of civil liberties met strong opposition from many Canadians.

The Co-operative Committee on Japanese Canadians was the major group which constantly opposed the government mistreatment of the Japanese. In this brief pamphlet, Mrs. Fowke recounts the history of the committee from its small



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Mrs. Fowke seems to have done the Co-operative Committee full justice, and the credit is no more than that admirable group deserves.

Frank Moritsugu.

**THE STEREOTYPE OF THE SINGLE WOMAN IN AMERICAN NOVELS:** Dorothy Yost Deegan; Oxford; pp. 252; \$5.25.

This is described as a pioneer social study with implications for the education of women. Its basis upon "life as reflected in literature" is not without precedent, and there have been previous investigations into the "stereotype" character in American society as perpetrated by mass media. It is unique in that it pertains to the problem of singleness as it affects women, dealing particularly with the woman "thirty years or older" and using a fixed list of novels, from which is drawn a rather pathetic and definitely outdated portrait of the spinster in American society.

Whatever one's opinion may be about the uses to which literature is here put, or the validity of the method, it seems to be true that the writer has chosen to investigate a human problem which has seldom been stated at all except by the creative writer. The conclusions drawn from a careful analysis of the roles of older single women characters is that the social attitude here expressed is "far more derogatory than otherwise." Why this stereotype persists when its prototype has all but passed out of society is a moot point. The author advances the theory that the writer may not dare to make the single woman too attractive because of the implications for society. The study is well organized and extensively annotated, with a complete bibliography which one imagines might be of considerable use to students of closely related subjects.

H. T. K.

### Our Contributors

HARRY W. WALKER is a Maritimer who graduated in 1951 from Queen's University where he is now doing research work for the Institute of Local Government . . . A. ANDRAS is Assistant Research Director of the Canadian Congress of Labour, Ottawa . . . JACK W. HUMPHREY, of Saint John, N.B., studied art in Boston, New York, Paris and Munich. His work was the subject of an article by Walter Abell in *The Canadian Forum* of June, 1936 . . . VIRGINIA LUZ and DORIS MCCARTHY are on the staff of the art department of Central Technical School, Toronto.

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